LOVE ROMANCES

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NO. 9 10¢

a LOVERS magazine

CORINNE VICKERS LOST LOVE!

These "TOP" comic books are the Bell Feature Comic Group —

The Best books of the leading U.S. Comic Publishing Houses are brought to Canada and printed in our own comic plant. Bell pays "Top" publishing rights to get the best books for you!

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ARCHIE	**SUSIE**	**PEP**
WILBUR	**LAUGH**	**SUPER DUCK**

These books all come out every second month.
Two new books will be issued by Bell in June—watch for them!

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PLASTIC MAN	**BLACK HAWK**	**THE SPIRIT**

These books come out every second month.

FEATURE COMICS

This book comes out every month.

Two new books just published in the U.S.A., "Hearthrob" and "Love Diary" by Arnold, will be available to you boys and girls later this month.

Martin Goodman Marvel Comic Group

This group represents the largest publisher of comic books in the U.S.A. This publishing house prints about fifteen million comic books a month. Goodman has some twenty-seven titles in the U.S. Of this number, Bell is printing the choice of the group, the twenty-one listed below. Patsy Walker is the top Goodman book and is up among the leading titles in the U.S.A. Flashgun Casey, a new book based on the Columbia Broadcasting Co. radio program, is to be released by Bell later this month.

PATSY WALKER	**TEX TAYLOR**	**JR. MISS**
WILLIE	**GEORGIE**	**WILD WESTERN**
JOKER	**TEEN**	**FRANKIE**
MARVEL	**HEDY DE VINE**	**TWO-GUN KID**
JEANIE	***JUSTICE**	**AMAZING ADVENTURE**
***ALL TRUE CRIME**	***CRIME FIGHTERS**	***LAWBREAKERS ALWAYS LOSE**
MY LOVE	**FLASHGUN CASEY**	**BETTER WESTERN**

***These Police Adventure books have been edited by Editorial Consultant Jean Thompson, M.D., Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau, Board of Education, N.Y.C. This eminent name is featured at the first of each book, denoting that they are safe for boys and girls to read. These books are the only ones of this type the Bell group prints.**
We reserve the right to discontinue any book by an American publisher which is detrimental in any way to a boy's or girl's upright character. All books are edited by Bell before printing.

These 36 comic magazines comprises the Bell comic group and we wish to thank you boys and girls for your selection of our books when you go to a newsstand to buy a comic.

Watch the back covers of these books! Bell will give away, FREE, fifteen valuable prizes every week to Canadian boys and girls.

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AND THEN CAME LOVE

A TRUE LIFE STORY

6322

I FELL IN LOVE WITH BRIAN CHAMBERS IMMEDIATELY! HE WAS EVERYTHING A GIRL COULD WISH FOR--KIND, CONSIDERATE AND FINANCIALLY STABLE! IT WAS ODD HOW I FIRST MET BRIAN...

...I IMAGINE IT WAS ONE OF THE STRANGEST ROMANCES A GIRL EVER HAD! EVEN MOM AND DAD THOUGHT SO!

HOW LONG IS THIS GOING TO KEEP UP? EVERY NIGHT AT SIX O'CLOCK, SHE IS AT THAT RADIO SET OF HERS!

NOW, TOM, REMEMBER--WE WERE YOUNG ONCE OURSELVES!

I HAD MET BRIAN CHAMBERS THROUGH CONVERSATIONS OVER OUR HAM RADIO SETS! WE SPOKE FREQUENTLY AND HAD ARRANGED A TIME TO BEAM IN ON ONE ANOTHER...

WLS2 CONNECTICUT, CALLING H2M4 IN KANSAS! COME IN, KANSAS!

HELLO, BRIAN! SORRY I'M LATE--I JUST GOT BACK FROM TOWN!

H2M4

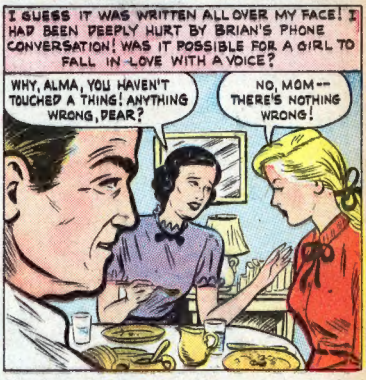
HOW ARE THINGS IN CONNECTICUT, BRIAN, AND HOW IS THAT LOVELY DOG OF YOURS?

WE'RE BOTH FINE, ALMA! GOSH, THIS CERTAINLY IS STRANGE--SPEAKING TO A GIRL AS LONG AS I HAVE WITHOUT EVEN MEETING HER! WE MUST MEET SOMEDAY!

I WISH YOU COULD MAKE IT OUT HERE TO KANSAS, BRIAN! DAD AND MOM ARE ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU!
I HOPE THEY LIKE ME... WHEN I CAN MAKE IT! HOLD ON A MINUTE, ALMA, MY PHONE IS RINGING!

BRIAN MUST HAVE LEFT THE VOLUME ON EXTREMELY HIGH, AS I HEARD HIS ENTIRE PHONE CONVERSATION...
OF COURSE, DEAR, OF COURSE! I'LL PICK YOU UP THIS EVENING AND WE'LL HAVE DINNER TOGETHER! SEE YOU LATER, DEAR!
WLSD

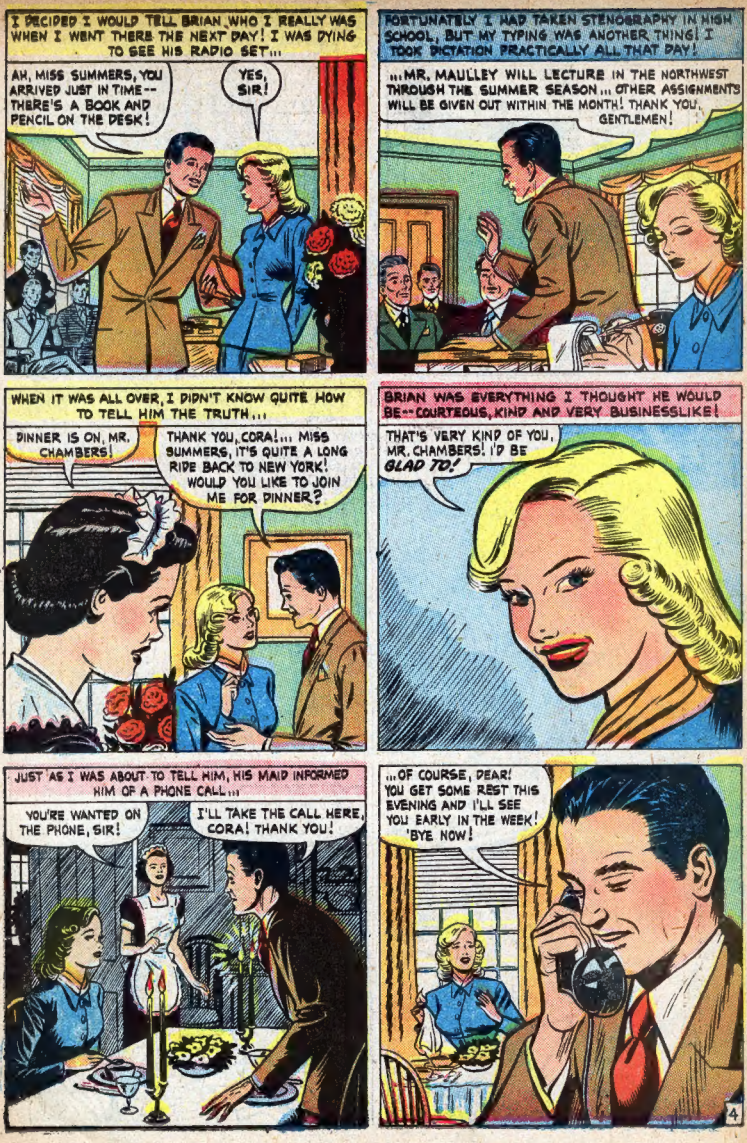
OF COURSE IT WAS SILLY OF ME TO BELIEVE THAT BRIAN HAD NO GIRL FRIEND AT ALL, BUT SOMEHOW I WAS JEALOUS AND HURT!
BRIAN... I MUST LEAVE NOW! DAD'S CALLING! BY THE WAY, I'M GOING ON VACATION FOR TEN DAYS--I'LL TUNE YOU IN WHEN I GET BACK!
GOLLY, ALMA, I'LL MISS YOU! WELL, BYE-BYE! I'LL CALL YOU ON THE 15TH!


I GUESS IT WAS WRITTEN ALL OVER MY FACE! I HAD BEEN DEEPLY HURT BY BRIAN'S PHONE CONVERSATION! WAS IT POSSIBLE FOR A GIRL TO FALL IN LOVE WITH A VOICE?
WHY, ALMA, YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED A THING! ANYTHING WRONG, DEAR?
NO, MOM--THERE'S NOTHING WRONG!

I'VE BEEN THINKING, EMILY, WHAT ALMA NEEDS IS A GOOD VACATION... SAY, IN NEW YORK!
DAD, DO YOU MEAN IT? CAN WE REALLY AFFORD IT?

I THINK WE CAN, ALMA! YOU HAVEN'T HAD A VACATION IN YEARS--IT WILL DO YOU GOOD!
OH, DAD, DAD, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

I LEFT FOR NEW YORK THE FOLLOWING MORNING! I HAD BRIAN'S ADDRESS THERE AND I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN AT HIS OFFICE AND SURPRISE HIM!
I'M SURE HE'S HANDSOME! IF ONLY HE'S NOT TOO ATTACHED TO THAT GIRL!
WHEN I ARRIVED IN NEW YORK I WENT DIRECTLY TO BRIAN'S OFFICE, A SMART, UP-TO-DATE PLACE THAT APPEARED VERY BUSY!
CHAMBERS LECTURING SERVICE! MR. CHAMBERS?... ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!
CHAMBERS LECTURING SERVICE
I REALIZED HE WAS QUITE BUSY AND DECIDED TO WAIT A FEW MINUTES! SUDDENLY A MAN CAME OUT AND BECKONED TO ME--HE HAD BRIAN'S VOICE!
ALL RIGHT, YOUNG LADY, WILL YOU PLEASE STEP INTO MY OFFICE!
BUT I...
I HARDLY KNEW WHAT TO DO! EVIDENTLY HE HAD MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE ELSE!
WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR IS A REAL GIRL FRIDAY--SOMEONE WHO CAN TAKE STENOGRAPHY AND TYPE RAPIDLY! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN QUALIFY?
BUT I'M NOT...
YOU SEEM TO BE ABLE TO DO THE JOB, MISS... ER, WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?
ER... ELAINE ... ELAINE SUMMERS!
I DON'T KNOW WHY I HAD DECEIVED HIM! PERHAPS IT WAS JUST FOR FUN--IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST. I DIDN'T KNOW QUITE WHAT TO DO!
YOU APPEAR COMPETENT, MISS SUMMERS--I THINK I'LL TRY YOU OUT! HERE IS THE ADDRESS OF MY STUDIO IN CONNECTICUT! CAN YOU BE THERE AT NINE SHARP TOMORROW MORNING?
...OF COURSE, MR. CHAMBERS!
3


I DECIDED I WOULD TELL BRIAN WHO I REALLY WAS WHEN I WENT THERE THE NEXT DAY! I WAS DYING TO SEE HIS RADIO SET...
AH, MISS SUMMERS, YOU ARRIVED JUST IN TIME -- THERE'S A BOOK AND PENCIL ON THE DESK!
YES, SIR!
FORTUNATELY I HAD TAKEN STENOGRAPHY IN HIGH SCHOOL, BUT MY TYPING WAS ANOTHER THING! I TOOK DICTATION PRACTICALLY ALL THAT DAY!
...MR. MAULLEY WILL LECTURE IN THE NORTHWEST THROUGH THE SUMMER SEASON... OTHER ASSIGNMENTS WILL BE GIVEN OUT WITHIN THE MONTH! THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN!
WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, I DIDN'T KNOW QUITE HOW TO TELL HIM THE TRUTH...
DINNER IS ON, MR. CHAMBERS!
THANK YOU, CORA!... MISS SUMMERS, IT'S QUITE A LONG RIDE BACK TO NEW YORK! WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN ME FOR DINNER?
BRIAN WAS EVERYTHING I THOUGHT HE WOULD BE--COURTEOUS, KIND AND VERY BUSINESSLIKE!
THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, MR. CHAMBERS! I'D BE GLAD TO!
JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO TELL HIM, HIS MAID INFORMED HIM OF A PHONE CALL...
YOU'RE WANTED ON THE PHONE, SIR!
I'LL TAKE THE CALL HERE, CORA! THANK YOU!
...OF COURSE, DEAR! YOU GET SOME REST THIS EVENING AND I'LL SEE YOU EARLY IN THE WEEK! 'BYE NOW!

I KNEW THEN THAT I WOULD NEVER FIT INTO BRIAN'S LIFE -- OUR RADIO CONVERSATIONS WERE NOTHING TO HIM BUT A PASSING ACQUAINTANCE!

I THINK I'D BETTER GO NOW, MR. CHAMBERS!

I DECIDED TO WORK MY WEEK OUT BEFORE I GAVE MY NOTICE TO BRIAN! IT WAS DIFFICULT WORKING WITH HIM EVERY DAY... I LOVED HIM SO!

I WISHED THAT I COULD FORGET THAT EVENING WHEN I DELIVERED SOME PAPERS TO BRIAN'S HOME! IT MADE THINGS ONLY THAT MUCH MORE DIFFICULT!

YOU'RE REALLY A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, ELAINE! I FEEL THAT WE'VE MET SOMEWHERE BEFORE!

IT'S STRANGE, BUT I FEEL THE SAME WAY! ARE YOU *SURE* YOU DON'T KNOW ME?

POSITIVE! I'D NEVER HAVE FORGOTTEN YOU!

OH, BRIAN!

I HAD WANTED TO KISS BRIAN SINCE THAT FIRST DAY IN HIS OFFICE! I WAS SURE HE FELT TOWARD ME THE WAY I DID TOWARD HIM!

I'M VERY SORRY, MISS SUMMERS -- IT WASN'T FAIR OF ME!

PLEASE, MR. CHAMBERS... DON'T FEEL BADLY! IT WAS AS MUCH *MY* FAULT AS YOURS!

I'M ALL MIXED UP, ELAINE... I'M VERY FOND OF YOU, AND YET... THERE IS SOMEONE ELSE!

I SEE! PERHAPS I'D BETTER LEAVE NOW, MR. CHAMBERS -- IT'S A LONG TRIP BACK TO NEW YORK! GOOD NIGHT!

I WENT BACK TO KANSAS AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE AND TRIED TO FORGET EVERYTHING! I DIDN'T EVEN RECEIVE BRIAN'S RADIO CALLS! FOR SEVERAL WEEKS I WAS THE LONELIEST PERSON IN THE WORLD...
ALMA DEAR, YOU HAVE A VISITOR!
OH, MOTHER, SAY I'M NOT HOME! I CAN'T SEE ANYONE!
I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE MY EARS AS MOTHER SPOKE! WAS I HEARD HER CORRECTLY? WAS BRIAN REALLY HERE?
I THINK THAT'S QUITE UNFAIR, ALMA, SENDING THE POOR GENTLEMAN ALL THE WAY BACK TO NEW YORK!
NEW YORK! DID HE SAY HE WAS FROM NEW YORK? I WONDER IF IT'S...
HELLO, ALMA!... WHY, YOU'RE ELAINE SUMMERS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING...
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, BRIAN? I WENT TO NEW YORK TO MEET YOU AND WHEN YOU MISTOOK ME FOR A SECRETARY, THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO ABOUT IT!
BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME, ALMA! I'VE BEEN GOING CRAZY TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHICH ONE I LOVED... ELAINE, MY SECRETARY... OR ALMA, THE GIRL ON THE RADIO!
YOU MEAN--THE "OTHER GIRL" WAS ME TOO? OH, BRIAN!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT GIRL ON THE PHONE? THE ONE YOU CALLED "DEAR"?
OH, YOU JEALOUS FEMALE... THAT WAS MY SISTER... YOU'LL MEET HER LATER!
WHEN HE TOOK ME IN HIS ARMS I KNEW THAT I MUST NEVER LEAVE HIM AGAIN! THIS TENDER LOVE THAT HAD DEVELOPED FROM MERE RADIO CONVERSATIONS WAS NOW A REALITY!
WELL, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I'D BETTER SET ANOTHER PLACE FOR DINNER!
I HOPE ALMA CAN COOK AS WELL AS YOU, MRS. PETERSON! SHE'LL FIND LIVING IN NEW YORK A LITTLE MORE DIFFICULT THAN ON A FARM!
AS LONG AS YOU'RE BESIDE ME, DEAR, NO PLACE IN THE WORLD COULD BE DIFFICULT TO LIVE IN!
THE END
6

I WAS up on a ladder oiling the fourth cabin, when the long black limousine drove in. It gave such an authoritative toot that I almost dropped my brush. I managed to save it by snatching it against my shirt front.

"Oosh," I said, and treated the limousine to an indignant glare.

A car like that had no business at a modest motel like Shore Pines, anyway. It was probably looking for Hotel Holiday, further on.

Since Mom and Pop had gone to town, it was up to me to direct the intruder. I tried to stalk down the ladder, found it couldn't be done—and fell the rest of the way.

When I picked myself up, there was a smudge across one cheek, oil on the end of my nose, wisps of grass in my hair, and in my heart a confirmed dislike of all black limousines.

I limped over. "The Hotel Holiday is a mile further on," I told the uniformed chauffeur at the wheel and turned away.

"Just a minute, young lady." A pleasant but firm voice spoke from the back seat.

Reluctantly, I turned around. Beside the youngish-looking middle-aged man who had spoken to me, sat two other people—a smartly-dressed woman and (I gulped), the nicest looking boy I had ever seen.

"Young lady," said the man, "do you mean your cabins are all taken?"

"Why, no, sir, but—"

"Have you three available?"

"Well, yes—"

"We'll look at them," said the man.

Three cabins for four people, when one could be made to hold six at a pinch! It would be a windfall, even for overnight.

The chauffeur sprang to open doors. I ran to the office in the Main Lodge for keys, brought them back, and hurried to open the cabins.

I waited breathlessly while they inspected them. They were new, smelled of unfinished pine and rustic handmade furniture, but they were simply decorated and without common conveniences, as I carefully explained. The beds were comfortable, though, the mirrors clear, and the unbleached muslin curtains at the windows spotless. So were the homemade braided rugs on the floors. But they couldn't compare with the luxurious Hotel Holiday, I knew.

The man came out. "These will do nicely," he said. "My wife isn't feeling well enough to go on further." He turned to his son, who had followed him. "You register for us, will you, Glenn?"

Glenn suppressed a bored yawn. "Okay, where?"

"This way," I said, and led the way to the office. I was painfully aware of my worn denims, soiled shirt and aging sneakers in contrast with the boy's expensive slack suit and immaculate shoes.

I could feel his eyes on me, looking me over. Probably a tourist camp proprietor's daughter was quite a novelty to him. At this hour of the day, the girls he knew were probably dressed in gleaming white tennis dresses, idly batting balls over nets at country club courts, or lolling on the sands of exclusive seaside resorts.

"Pretty lake," he said politely, nodding toward blue water glinting through pines.

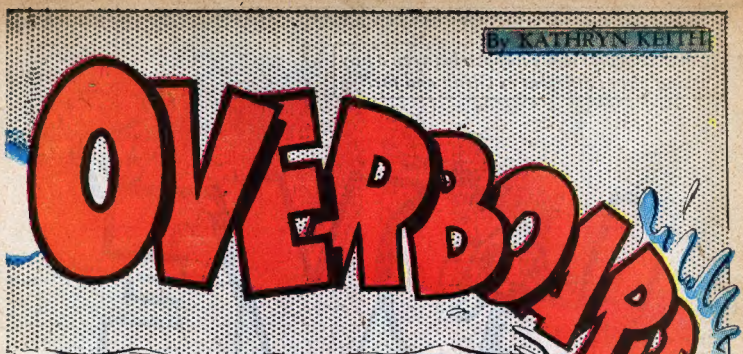
"Lake Wampun," I said. I threw it an affectionate glance. "We like it, too, when we have time to notice it."

"You don't have much time?" he asked lazily.

He really wasn't interested, I knew, but perversely I felt like telling him.

I said distinctly, "It's hard work starting a motel. Help's hard to get way off here in the middle of nowhere. Besides, employees like to be paid regularly nowadays."

We went in, and he signed the register. For Mr.



and Mrs. Nichols and son, Glenn Nichols, and their chauffeur, Arneson. Glenn Nichols—the kind of name that looked good on society pages.

I spent the next hour or so running numerous errands between the newly-occupied cabins and the Main Lodge. There were sheets and towels to bring to each cabin, extra blankets, fresh pails of water from the pump, special services which people like these took for granted.

My legs ached. It wasn't the first time I wished we had never entered the motel business. Then I reminded myself quickly that it was for Pop's health. After his return from active service overseas, outdoor work had been advised. We had sold our comfortable house in town and started this auto camp. It hadn't been easy. It still wasn't. But together, Mom and Pop and I had managed to keep it going.

Even now, I wouldn't have minded the running and fetching so much if Glenn Nichols hadn't come out with a magazine and comfortably installed himself on a bench overlooking the lake. I had to pass him every trip—and every time he whistled softly.

Once I dropped a load of linens. Another time I slopped water all over one leg. Well, I comforted myself, it was just an overnight stop! After tomorrow morning, I would never have to look at his handsome, disinterested face again . . .

Three days later, at dawn, I opened the door of the Main Lodge quietly and stepped out into the soft, early autumn air. The lake lay before me, its coves wreathed in mist. Behind me, the cabins lay deep in night-shadow.

I had risen a half-hour early for a precious taste of solitude. How should I squander my thirty minutes? A hike in the woods, an exhilarating dip in the lake, or a brief paddle in the canoe?

I made a quick decision. I was passing the end cabin when someone shouted my name, "Joanne!" Oh, dear heaven, Glenn Nichols again! Indignation stamped through me. Even at this untimely hour, I couldn't get away from him! He was always lurking somewhere near by.

I hurried on, pretending I hadn't heard, but he caught up with me on the path.

"Joanne!" he said again. "The little early bird's up early!"

"So are the worms," I said pointedly.

"Ouch," he said, but didn't seem to mind. "Going down to the lake? Mind if I come along?"

I shrugged. My pleasure in the morning was shattered, my brief peace wrecked. Disappointment and resentment boiled through me.

Why, oh, why, were the Nichols lingering on here? It was hard enough to take care of the average tourist this time of year, let alone people like the Nichols, who expected so much additional service.

Maybe it was because Mr. Nichols had discovered how plentiful the pike were in Lake Wampun. Maybe Mrs. Nichols didn't feel strong enough to continue their trip.

Whatever the reason, Glenn had become a nuisance. Always underfoot. It was definitely maddening. His first boredom had changed to amused interest at my constant busyness. Now the amusement appeared to be changing to sympathy. He actually felt sorry for me, the poor little working girl! Couldn't he help me carry that heavy pail? Here—that was too much of a load for a small girl. Why, yesterday, I had had to slam a door in his face to keep him from trying to help clean out a recently vacated cabin! The absolute final straw.

Pity me, did he, because I wasn't a leisure-time lass? Because, to me, summer vacation meant work? Well, he'd better not! I didn't need or want his concern. The sooner he went away, the happier I would be. Why couldn't he stay in his own luxurious world where hours were things to while away instead of jet-propelled time units that

whizzed by so fast it made you dizzy?

We reached the beach. I turned toward the boathouse.

"I'll help you fish out the minnows," said Glenn.

"I'm going after paddles," I explained patiently. "Don't swoon, but I'm treating myself to a half-hour's canoe ride before breakfast."

"Swell!" Glenn said. "I'll paddle."

What could you do with someone like that?

I cast about for an excuse. Conveniently, the wind cooled. Disreputable-looking clouds came racing over the horizon from westward, intent on choking out the sun.

"Oh, dear," I said, raising an eyebrow at the clouds, "it doesn't look too good."

"Nonsense," Glenn said. "It'll blow over. Relax and enjoy yourself for a change." His thick-lashed black eyes challenged me.

That did it. The plan leaped full-fledged into my mind. If it couldn't be done any other way, I would scare Glenn Nichols away from Shore Pines Motel. Storm or no storm, I would tip the canoe over, as if by accident. I was an accomplished swimmer and had my life-saving badge, so I could save him if necessary—but the experience ought to frighten him sufficiently to send the Nichols limousine on its way.

We lifted the canoe from its rack and placed it in the water. I stepped in. I felt adventurous and almost gay as he took the paddles and we pushed off.

Glenn handled the paddles rather well, I noted grudgingly. But that wouldn't keep the canoe from turning over when I chose to tip it!

Silence fell between us. The waves were growing choppy. The wind blew harder out toward the middle of the lake. As paddling became more difficult, Glenn's face grew grim.

"Want help?" I offered.

"Certainly not!" he said firmly. "Stay where you are!"

His tone startled me, so I stayed. It would have been dangerous to change my place now, anyway. Still, he needn't have spoken so sharply. My anger simmered. Well, a few minutes from now, things would be different. Let him work a bit longer—it would be good for him.

Then, suddenly, the wind was no longer a steady increasing pressure, but a gigantic swooping hawk, a live thing which shrieked and tore at us.

I realized too late that we were in very real danger. I cried directions to Glenn. Waves dashed into the canoe, spray blinded my eyes. Sheets of rain curtained the lake, blotted out the shoreline. I closed my eyes. Any moment now . . .

But Glenn fought the waves dexterously, eyes determined, chin hard. I felt reluctant admiration for him. In spite of his background, there was strength in this boy.

Glenn fought well—but he lost. I felt the canoe go over and tried to dive clear. The last I remember is the sharp agonizing pain which shot through my head. Blackness closed over me sickeningly. Time ceased to be . . .

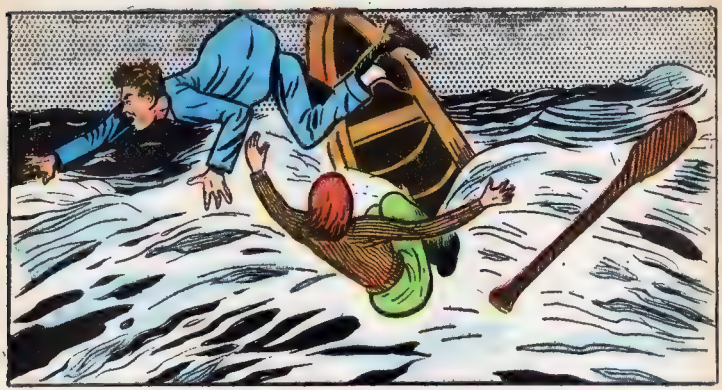
When I opened my eyes, I was being hauled up onto the beach—by Glenn Nichols.

Glenn panted, "Thank—heavens—you're—all right!" Then he sank down exhausted on the sand beside me. I could hear him breathing heavily.

He had saved me! The thought shone through the confusion of returning consciousness. My plan had gone adrift.

I said softly. "Thank you, Glenn, for hauling me out."

He rolled over, managed a grin. "Okay," he



We fought with all our strength—but we lost . . .

panted. "It was—a pleasure. Encouraging—to know—I'm good for something."

I didn't quite know how to answer that one. I lay for a moment puzzling over it, then struggled to a sitting position, tore a necklace of slimy seaweed from around my neck, squeezed water from my hair. My slacks clung to me. My sneakers squished. I shivered violently. I looked at Glenn and suppressed a half-hysterical giggle. Glenn wasn't in better condition. For the first time since I'd seen him, he looked considerably less than well-groomed. Still, almost any other boy would have looked worse. I withdrew my eyes from his striking, regular profile and looked out over the lake.

The wind no longer tore over our heads. The water was calming. The rain was a mere spatter. In the west, a patch of baby blue sky was growing. Glenn sat up, too. "It's a shame about the canoe. My fault—insisting we go out."

"Skip it," I said. "My responsibility entirely." But it was a new canoe and had cost several hundred dollars. "Maybe it'll drift in somewhere." But there wasn't much chance, I knew.

"I'll make it good," he insisted.

Sure, what was mere money to the Nichols family? About a tenth as much as it was to the Jamesons. But I doubted whether my father would accept payment, as long as I, his own daughter, had been in the canoe. I squished impatiently to my feet.

"We're on the point," I said. "A couple of miles from camp. I guess we'd better get going before we're missed and our folks get worried about us."

It was a long, hard, uncomfortable walk. Our wet clothes dried on us in uncomfortable wrinkles as we hiked. Conversation was difficult. I tried to thank Glenn again for what he had done, but he cut me short. Resentment crept through me. How are you supposed to act when someone has saved your life?

There was another question, even more confusing: How do you act when a boy you have typed as lazy, soft and smug suddenly meets an emergency courageously and unselfishly? When he proves he is strong enough to fight furiously for his life and your own? Are you supposed to feel this way—happy, afraid and confused?

Because now that respect had been added to the liking I had felt for Glenn (even though I hadn't dared admit it), my feelings seemed almost too strong to keep to myself. But I couldn't just blurt them out! And how could I find out whether he felt the same way?

The silence between us as we walked seemed filled with words which wanted to be said. I was eager to get back to camp, to make myself so busy changing into dry clothes and starting the day's work that I would forget my disturbing thoughts.

When we reached Shore Pines, the lake was once again daintily ruffled by a breeze. White cloud puffs loitered overhead in the blue sky.

Rounding the bend, I sighed with relief. There wasn't a soul in sight on the beach. We hadn't even been missed yet.

"Look . . ." Glenn spoke for the first time in a mile. "Let me be the one to break the news about all this. The canoe and all."

"Well, I—"

"Please, Joanne," he said.

I shrugged. "If you like." I looked at him then, earnestly. "I just want to say again, Glenn, how—*how grateful* I am." I turned away quickly. "Now—I've got to rush. Work to catch up on."

"Joanne, wait!"

But I couldn't. There was a crazy lump in my throat, tears cluttering my eyelashes. I fled up the path. I managed to sneak into my room without being seen and changed clothes hurriedly.

"Hello, sleepyhead," Pop said when I came into the kitchen. He looked at me again, more closely. "Hey, you look done in. Feeling okay?"

"Okay," I managed, with a weak, reassuring smile.

But Mom was observing me now, too. Before I knew it, I was back in bed, crawling gratefully between the sheets. I was tired—terribly. It would be good to rest. I was glad they hadn't asked for an explanation, though. I had insisted I wasn't really ill, just exhausted. Mom sat beside me for a moment, reassuring herself that I didn't have a temperature. I felt guilty when I thought of all the work I ought to be doing. But, before I had time to think another thought, I was fast asleep.

I woke late in the afternoon, ran to the window and looked out. It was gone! The black limousine was gone! I felt queer, hollow. Somehow, I had thought that maybe . . . but I straightened my shoulders firmly. There was work to do. I would have to hustle and help clean up the vacated cabins.

I got dressed and hurried out. The door of the end cabin was ajar. Mom must be in there scrubbing it out. I hurried over. Through the screen door came the unmistakable odor of scrub water and disinfectant.

I went in, banging the door—then stopped dead. *I must still be dreaming!*

Clad in an old pair of my father's overalls, sizes too large, legs rolled to the knees, the seat bagging haphazardly, was none other than the Nichols heir, Glenn, himself!

He finished wringing out his mop in a pail of dirty suds and grinned somewhat sheepishly.

"Just what," I demanded, "is the idea?" I stamped forward. "If this is a joke, it isn't a funny one. Here, give me that mop this instant!"

He swung it out of reach. "Now, now, just a minute! We employees have some rights around here."

"Wh-what did you say? Employee!" I must have gaped at him foolishly.

"But definitely. As of noon today." He grinned. "If you have any complaints, you'll have to arbitrate with the union. That's me." He gestured politely to a chair. "Offhand, I can't think of anyone I'd rather arbitrate with than you!"

I swallowed. "I—I don't understand. Your car's gone and—"

"So," said Glenn, "are all the occupants but me. I talked your father and mine into letting me stay on here as a hired helper to help pay for the lost canoe."

"That's crazy!" I shouted at him. "Why, we may even find the canoe!"

"Maybe. But by that time it'll be too late. I made the deal, and here I stay. For board, room, and, I hope, a smile from the boss' pretty daughter. What ambitious young man could ask for more?"

"But it won't be the lark you think! It'll be hard work—"

"It'll be work, hooray!" He flung a dark lock from his perspiring brow. "And don't think I can't do it, either. Joanne, if you knew how I've envied you . . ."

"Envied me!" I gulped. "But—why—?"

"Because you were needed. Because your folks treated you like a partner. You're important to them. They need you. My folks are fond enough of me, but they don't really need me the way yours do. We could always hire someone. Your folks depend on you, let you take real responsibility. Your family's a real unit, don't you see?"

Suddenly I did understand. "I guess I do," I said slowly, wonderingly.

"That's why I wanted a job here. To prove myself—to be myself." His eyes were pleading. "You're not angry, are you?"

"Angry!" I couldn't squelch my delighted smile. "Oh, Glenn, can you ever forgive me for being so foolish? I was all mixed up about you, and myself—and life, too, I guess."

Glenn took the mop out of the pail and sloshed it absently over his own foot as his dark eyes met mine. He grinned sheepishly.

"Joanne," he said, "when the boss' daughter smiles approvingly, it's better than a ten per cent raise."

"When the boss' daughter smiles," Glenn said, "it's better than a ten per cent raise!"

THE END

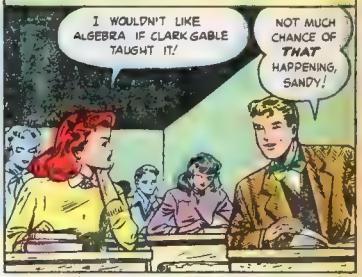
SANDY'S BIG CRUSH!

A TRUE LIFE STORY

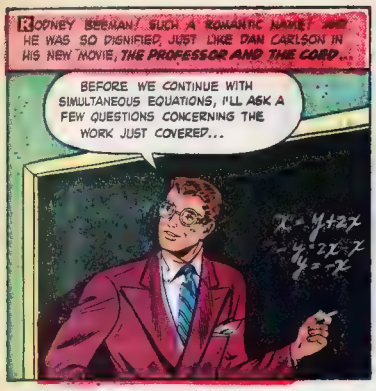
6162

IT'S A MONDAY MORNING, I WAS ALWAYS LOWER THAN A BARGAIN BASEMENT! NOT ONLY WAS I BACK IN SCHOOL AFTER A DREAMY WEEKEND, BUT MY FIRST CLASS WAS ALGEBRA.

HOW CAN A GIRL BE INTERESTED IN SQUARE ROOTS AND WHAT "X" IS EQUAL TO, WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY IMPORTANT THINGS ON HER MIND... LIKE WHETHER HER HAIR WOULD LOOK GOOD IN A FEATHER CUT OR IF BUZZ WATSON IS TAKING HER TO THE MOVIES...



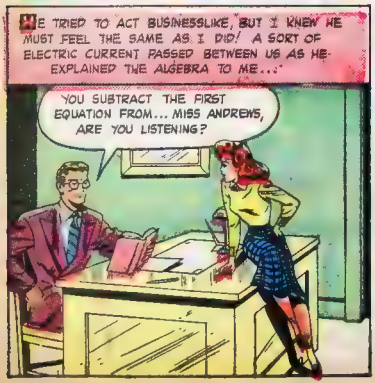
ATTENTION, STUDENTS! I AM REPLACING YOUR FORMER ALGEBRA TEACHER, WHO HAS BEEN RETIRED! MY NAME IS RODNEY BEEMAN!
SAY, HE'S CUTE!
WHO CARES? IT'S STILL ALGEBRA!


RODNEY BEEMAN! SUCH A ROMANTIC NAME! AND HE WAS SO DIGNIFIED, JUST LIKE DAN CARLSON IN HIS NEW MOVIE, THE PROFESSOR AND THE CORD...
BEFORE WE CONTINUE WITH SIMULTANEOUS EQUATIONS, I'LL ASK A FEW QUESTIONS CONCERNING THE WORK JUST COVERED...

... MISS ANDREWS, HOW WOULD YOU EXPLAIN THE PROBLEMS?
ER... IT WASN'T QUITE CLEAR...

I HOPED HE WAS INTERESTED IN ME WHEN HE CALLED ON ME FIRST TO RECITE! NOW I WAS CERTAIN...
YOU'D BETTER SEE ME AFTER SCHOOL THIS AFTERNOON, MISS ANDREWS... YOU SEEM TO NEED HELP!
I'D APPRECIATE YOUR HELP, MR. BEEMAN!

WHEN THE FINAL BELL RANG, I SIMPLY FLEW TO MR.. BEEMAN'S OFFICE...
I'M READY FOR MY INSTRUCTIONS, MR. BEEMAN!
OH, YES, COME IN, MISS ANDREWS!

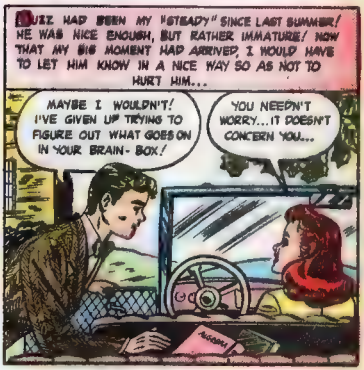

HE TRIED TO ACT BUSINESSLIKE, BUT I KNEW HE MUST FEEL THE SAME AS I DID! A SORT OF ELECTRIC CURRENT PASSED BETWEEN US AS HE EXPLAINED THE ALGEBRA TO ME...
YOU SUBTRACT THE FIRST EQUATION FROM... MISS ANDREWS, ARE YOU LISTENING?

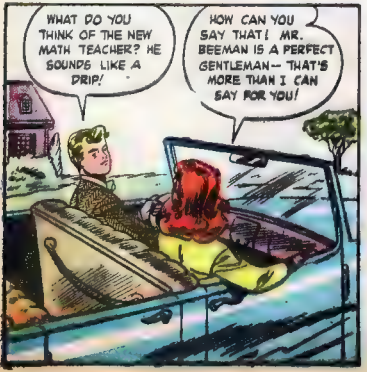
OH, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE BUSY...
I'LL ONLY BE A FEW MINUTES LONGER, MISS WILSON!

MISS WILSON WAS MY ENGLISH TEACHER, AN OLD MAID WHO WAS PUSHING TWENTY-FIVE! SHE DIDN'T WASTE A MINUTE MAKING A PLAY FOR MR. BEEMAN ...IT WAS REALLY AMUSING! WHAT COULD A MAN SEE IN AN OLD HAG LIKE HER?
YOU MAY GO, MISS ANDREWS--WE'LL CONTINUE TOMORROW!
VERY WELL, MR. BEEMAN!

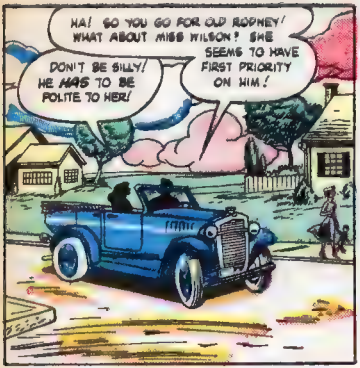
WHAT KEPT YOU SO LONG, SANDY?
WHAT INTEREST IS THAT OF YOURS, PRAY TELL?
MR. BEEMAN

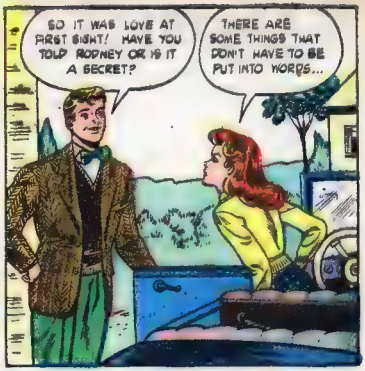
DON'T I ALWAYS WAIT TO DRIVE YOU HOME? WHAT'S COOKING? YOU'VE BEEN IN A FOG ALL DAY!
I WOULDN'T WANT TO TAX YOUR BRAIN, MR. WATSON ...YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!


LUIZ HAD BEEN MY "STEADY" SINCE LAST SUMMER! HE WAS NICE ENOUGH, BUT RATHER IMMATURE! NOW THAT MY BIG MOMENT HAD ARRIVED, I WOULD HAVE TO LET HIM KNOW IN A NICE WAY SO AS NOT TO HURT HIM...
MAYBE I WOULDN'T! I'VE GIVEN UP TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT GOES ON IN YOUR BRAIN-BOX!
YOU NEEDN'T WORRY...IT DOESN'T CONCERN YOU...

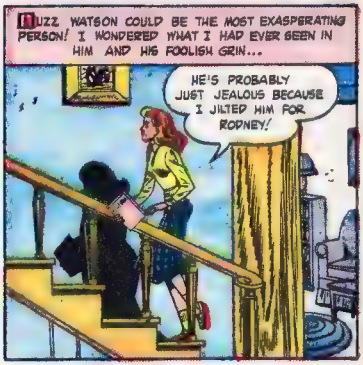

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE NEW MATH TEACHER? HE SOUNDS LIKE A DRIP!
HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT! MR. BEEMAN IS A PERFECT GENTLEMAN-- THAT'S MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR YOU!

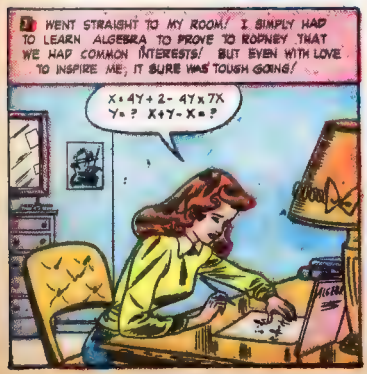
MAYBE YOU'D RATHER GO OUT WITH HIM!
MAYBE I WOULD!

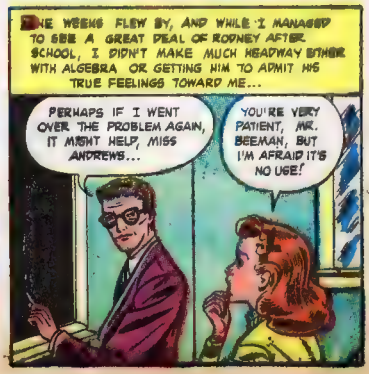

HA! SO YOU GO FOR OLD RODNEY! WHAT ABOUT MISS WILSON? SHE SEEMS TO HAVE FIRST PRIORITY ON HIM!
DON'T BE SILLY! HE HAS TO BE POLITE TO HER!


SO IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT! HAVE YOU TOLD RODNEY OR IS IT A SECRET?
THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT DON'T HAVE TO BE PUT INTO WORDS...

... AND IF YOU'RE GOING TO ACT LIKE A GOON ABOUT IT, I REFUSE TO DISCUSS THE MATTER FURTHER!
SO LONG, KITTEN! DON'T FORGET TO DO YOUR ALGEBRA!


BUZZ WATSON COULD BE THE MOST EXASPERATING PERSON! I WONDERED WHAT I HAD EVER SEEN IN HIM AND HIS FOOLISH GRIN...
HE'S PROBABLY JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE I JILTED HIM FOR RODNEY!


I WENT STRAIGHT TO MY ROOM! I SIMPLY HAD TO LEARN ALGEBRA TO PROVE TO RODNEY THAT WE HAD COMMON INTERESTS! BUT EVEN WITH LOVE TO INSPIRE ME, IT SURE WAS TOUGH GOING!
X+4Y+2-4Y=7X
Y=? X+Y-X=?


THE WEEKS FLEW BY, AND WHILE I MANAGED TO SEE A GREAT DEAL OF RODNEY AFTER SCHOOL, I DIDN'T MAKE MUCH HEADWAY EITHER WITH ALGEBRA OR GETTING HIM TO ADMIT HIS TRUE FEELINGS TOWARD ME...
PERHAPS IF I WENT OVER THE PROBLEM AGAIN, IT MIGHT HELP, MISS ANDREWS...
YOU'RE VERY PATIENT, MR. BEEMAN, BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S NO USE!

IT WAS THE LAST WEEK OF SCHOOL, AND I KNEW I MUST TAKE DESPERATE MEASURES! WHEN BUZZ ASKED ME FOR A DATE, IT GAVE ME THE IDEA FOR A PLAN...

ARE YOU COMING TO THE CLASS PICNIC AT LOON LAKE WITH ME? OR IS RODNEY TAKING YOU?

YOU MAY TAKE ME IF YOU WISH!

CLASS DANCE

ON THE DAY OF THE PICNIC, I FOUND MR. BEEMAN BEING POLITE TO MISS WILSON...

OH, MR. BEEMAN! WHAT A SURPRISE!... AND MISS WILSON! MIND IF WE JOIN YOU?

NOT AT ALL! AREN'T YOU CHILLY IN... ER... THAT BATHING SUIT?

I WAITED UNTIL THE REST OF THE CROWD HAD LEFT THE WATER TO EAT! THEN I SWAM OUT TO THE FLOAT...

THIS OUGHT TO BRING RESULTS— I'LL SHOW BUZZ WATSON HE'S WRONG!

I WAVED LIKE A HOMESICK MERMAID TO ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION! I WAS CHILLED BY THE ICY LAKE WATER AND I WANTED TO GET THIS OVER WITH...

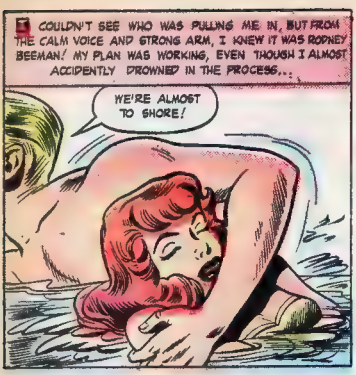
GOOD, HE'S WAVING BACK!... GOLLY, IT'S COLD OUT HERE!

...SUDDENLY A **REAL CRAMP** SEIZED ME! MY LITTLE SCHEME WAS BACKFIRING ON ME!

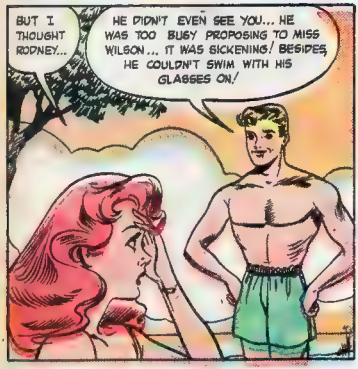
I ONLY MEANT TO **ACT** AS IF I WAS IN TROUBLE... THIS IS THE REAL THING!

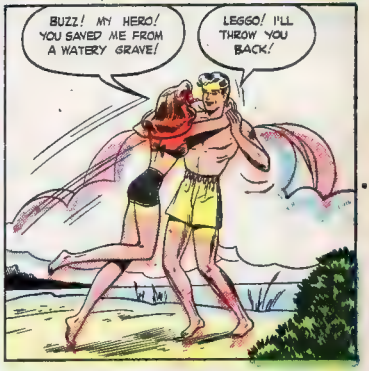
GLERP!

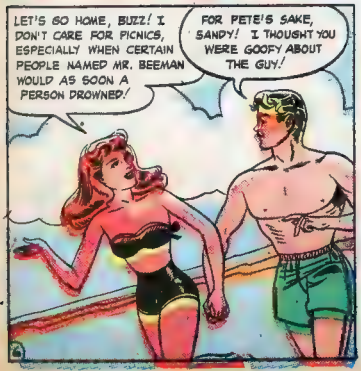
EASY DOES IT! JUST RELAX!


COULDN'T SEE WHO WAS PULLING ME IN, BUT FROM THE CALM VOICE AND STRONG ARM, I KNEW IT WAS RODNEY BEEMAN! MY PLAN WAS WORKING, EVEN THOUGH I ALMOST ACCIDENTLY DROWNED IN THE PROCESS...
WE'RE ALMOST TO SHORE!

ROD... BUZZ WATSON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
IF YOU'RE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO SWIM ALONE, SOMEONE HAS TO LOOK AFTER YOU!


BUT I THOUGHT RODNEY...
HE DIDN'T EVEN SEE YOU... HE WAS TOO BUSY PROPOSING TO MISS WILSON... IT WAS SICKENING! BESIDES, HE COULDN'T SWIM WITH HIS GLASSES ON!


BUZZ! MY HERO! YOU SAVED ME FROM A WATERY GRAVE!
LEGGO! I'LL THROW YOU BACK!

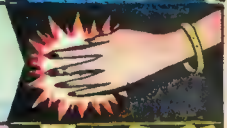

LET'S GO HOME, BUZZ! I DON'T CARE FOR PICNICS, ESPECIALLY WHEN CERTAIN PEOPLE NAMED MR. BEEMAN WOULD AS SOON A PERSON DROWNED!
FOR PETE'S SAKE, SANDY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOOFY ABOUT THE GUY!

DON'T BE DROOPY, BUZZ! YOU'RE MY DREAMBOAT! ANYONE WHO TEACHES ALGEBRA-- AND GETS ENGAGED TO MISS WILSON AT THE SAME TIME--IS DOUBLE GRUESOME IN MY BOOK!
THE END

Charm

10
TEN SLOPPY TEEN-AGERS
STANDING IN LINE—
BETS HAD A HAIR-TRIM
AND THEN THERE WERE NINE.

9
NINE GALS, DEFINITELY
NOT DATE-BAIT—
SUE HAD A MANICURE
AND THEN THERE WERE EIGHT.



8
EIGHT GIRLS, CONVINCED
THAT A DATE WOULD BE HEAVEN—
MILLIE PLANNED HER WARDROBE
AND THEN THERE WERE SEVEN.

7
SEVEN DATELESS DEBS
IN QUITE A FIX!
SALLY PRESSED HER CLOTHES
AND THEN THERE WERE SIX.

6
SIX SAD SACKS
WHO JUST DIDN'T JIVE—
SUSIE DULLED HER SHINY NOSE
AND THEN THERE WERE FIVE.

5
FIVE YOUNG LADIES'
HOPES BEGAN TO SOAR—
JEANIE WENT A-DIETING
AND THEN THERE WERE FOUR.

4
FOUR LONESOME LASSIES
(COULD BE YOU OR ME)
PEGGY HAD A SHOESHINE
AND THEN THERE WERE THREE

3
THREE MERRY MAIDENS,
NO LONGER BLUE—
GINNY TOOK A FRAGRANT BATH
AND THEN THERE WERE TWO.

Corner

2 TWO TEEN-AGERS WITH KATHY ON THE RUN FOR HER SEWING BASKET— *AND THEN THERE WAS ONE.*

1 ONE LONESOME LADY (SURE IS NO FUN) ADDED A SMILE— *HOORAY! THERE WERE NONE.*

TEN GLAMOROUS GALS, ALL SCRUBBED AND NEAT, OOZING CHARM AND BEAUTY FROM HEAD TO FEET...

WHEN MY ROMANCE PUNCHED A TIME CLOCK

A TRUE LIFE STORY

IT WAS A WARM DAY IN JUNE, AND I, ARLINE REESE, WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM MY JOB--FROM AN UNHAPPY ROMANCE!

DON'T WORRY, LADY--I'LL GET YA TO PIER 21 ON TIME! I AIN'T LOST A CUSTOMER YET!

PLEASE BE CAREFUL!! I MUST CATCH THAT TRAMP STEAMER BEFORE IT LEAVES THE DOCK... FOR SOUTH AMERICA... BUT I WANT TO WALK UP THE GANGPLANK--NOT BE CARRIED UP!

OKAY, LADY--OKAY!

TAXI

CAREFUL !!!!

SLIGHT

DSON SOAP FAC OR

SCREE-ECH!

CAN'T YOU PLEASE DO SOMETHING--GO THROUGH--OR AROUND THE BLOCK? I DON'T WANT TO MISS THAT BOAT!

JUST HAVE TO WAIT, LADY! IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK AND THE NIGHT SHIFT IS GOING ON AT THE FACTORY... DAY SHIFT'S COMING OFF, TOO!

AS I SAT IN THE CAB, FUMING IMPATIENTLY, I REMEMBERED HOW THE PROBLEM OF NIGHT SHIFTS AND DAY SHIFTS FIRST BROKE UP MY ROMANCE WITH BOB HOWARD!

IF--A BIG *IF*--IT WERE NOT FOR ALTERNATING NIGHT AND DAY SHIFTS--I WOULD NOT BE RUSHING NOW TO CATCH A BOAT TO SOUTH AMERICA, IN ORDER TO FILL THAT PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSIGNMENT!

THAT TAXI METER CLICKING OFF THE FARE... ALMOST LIKE A CLOCK! LIKE THE CLOCK ON THE WALL OF THE APARTMENT THAT I SHARED WITH...

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

FARE 0 4 5 DOLLARS CENTS

... BETTY JEAN! THE CLOCK THAT I WATCHED ON THE FIRST NIGHT THAT BOB AND I STARTED TO DRIFT APART...

BOB CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!! THIS IS THE LAST TIME HE'LL KEEP ME WAITING--HE'S A HALF-HOUR LATE ALREADY!

ARLINE, MAYBE HE HAD TO WORK LATE AT THE NEWSPAPER! REPORTERS DO HAVE TO WORK LATE SOMETIMES, YOU KNOW!

TIC! TOC! TIC! TOC!

WOULD YOU RATHER BE LIKE ME TONIGHT? I HAVE NO DATE! I'M GOING TO A MOVIE ALONE! YOURE LUCKY, ARLINE--BETTER LATE THAN NO DATE AT ALL! OH, OH, THERE GOES THE PHONE!

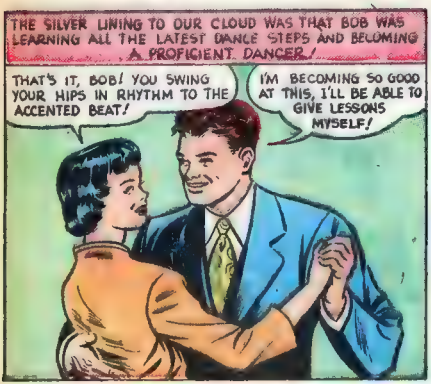
RING! RING! RING!

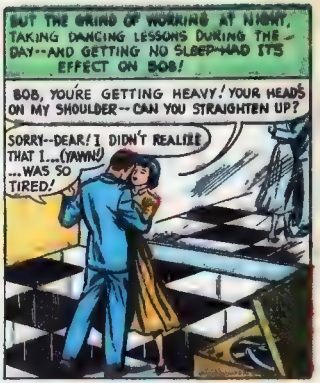
HELLO? THIS IS BETTY JEAN TALKING... AND I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT! OHHHH... IT'S YOU, BOB! YOU'D BETTER HAVE A GOOD STORY READY, BOB--ARLINE IS READY TO SCALP YOU! HOLD ON-- HERE, ARLINE, TAKE THE PHONE!

WHY HAVE YOU KEPT ME WAITING, MR. ROBERT HOWARD?

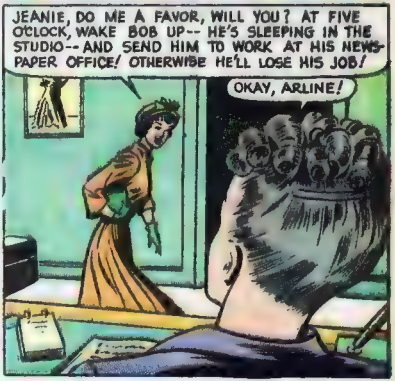
FORGIVE ME, HONEY, IT COULDN'T BE HELPED! I'VE BEEN TRANSFERRED TO THE NIGHT SHIFT ON THE NEWSPAPER TO WORK ON THE MORNING EDITION! I CAN'T KEEP THE DATE TONIGHT--OR ANY NIGHT, FOR THAT MATTER!

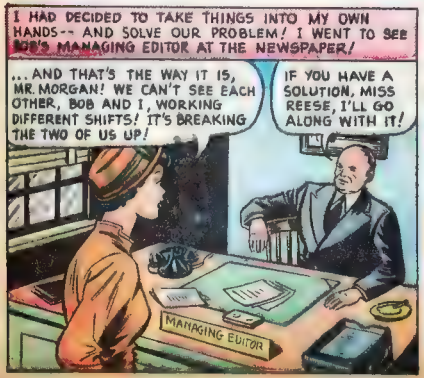
IT'S TERRIBLE, HONEY! I'LL BE WORKING ON THE NIGHT SHIFT-- AND YOU'LL BE WORKING ON THE DAY SHIFT AT YOUR JOB AS DANCING INSTRUCTOR--AND WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO SEE EACH OTHER! ARLINE, HONEY, WHY DON'T YOU QUIT YOUR JOB AND MARRY ME?
MARRY YOU?? NO-O-O-O!! WE COULD NEVER GET ALONG ON YOUR SALARY ALONE--IF I QUIT MY JOB! GOOD-BYE, MR. HOWARD!
SLAMM!!
...AND AN HOUR LATER...
THERE, ARLINE, IT ISN'T SO BAD! AT LEAST I HAVE COMPANY TONIGHT AND DON'T HAVE TO GO TO A MOVIE ALONE!
Now Playing
BOB WAS MADE OF STERNER STUFF, THOUGH, AND DIDN'T GIVE UP SO EASILY--AS I FOUND OUT WITH SURPRISE!
MR. ROBERT HOWARD! AND YOU WANT TO SIGN UP FOR COURSES IN THE RUMBA... THE SAMBA... THE FOX-TROT!
ON ONE CONDITION, OF COURSE--THAT I HAVE MISS ARLINE REESE AS MY DANCING INSTRUCTOR FOR ALL MY COURSES!
BELLAIRE SCHOOL OF DANCING
BOB! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE IN BUSINESS HOURS?
I'M YOUR NEW PUPIL, ARLINE! I HAD TO SEE YOU-- AND THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD DO IT! I'LL WORK AT NIGHT--AND TAKE DANCING LESSONS FROM YOU IN THE DAYTIME, SO WE CAN BE TOGETHER!
OH, BOB, IT WAS SILLY, BUT SWEET AND NICE OF YOU TO DO THIS!
IT'S A CRAZY WORLD WE LIVE IN, ARLINE DARLING--WE LET OUR LIVES BE PUSHED AROUND BY OUR JOBS, AND SO THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS! I HAVE TO TAKE DANCING LESSONS TO HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS!


THE SILVER LINING TO OUR CLOUD WAS THAT BOB WAS LEARNING ALL THE LATEST DANCE STEPS AND BECOMING A PROFICIENT DANCER!
THAT'S IT, BOB! YOU SWING YOUR HIPS IN RHYTHM TO THE ACCENTED BEAT!
I'M BECOMING SO GOOD AT THIS, I'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE LESSONS MYSELF!


BUT THE GRIND OF WORKING AT NIGHT, TAKING DANCING LESSONS DURING THE DAY--AND GETTING NO SLEEP--HAD ITS EFFECT ON BOB!
BOB, YOU'RE GETTING HEAVY! YOUR HEAD'S ON MY SHOULDER--CAN YOU STRAIGHTEN UP?
SORRY--DEAR! I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT I...(YAWN) ...WAS SO TIRED!

OH-H-H... SO TIRED! NO SLEEP-- GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP!
HERE, BOB, LIE DOWN ON THIS COUCH HERE AND TAKE A NAP!


JEANIE, DO ME A FAVOR, WILL YOU? AT FIVE O'CLOCK, WAKE BOB UP-- HE'S SLEEPING IN THE STUDIO-- AND SEND HIM TO WORK AT HIS NEWSPAPER OFFICE! OTHERWISE HE'LL LOSE HIS JOB!
OKAY, ARLINE!


I HAD DECIDED TO TAKE THINGS INTO MY OWN HANDS-- AND SOLVE OUR PROBLEM! I WENT TO SEE BOB'S MANAGING EDITOR AT THE NEWSPAPER!
... AND THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, MR. MORGAN! WE CAN'T SEE EACH OTHER, BOB AND I, WORKING DIFFERENT SHIFTS! IT'S BREAKING THE TWO OF US UP!
IF YOU HAVE A SOLUTION, MISS REESE, I'LL GO ALONG WITH IT!
MANAGING EDITOR

IF I COULD GET A JOB ON THE NEWSPAPER-- ON THE NIGHT SHIFT--IT WOULD BE WONDERFUL! I USED TO WORK AS A PHOTOGRAPHER FOR MY COLLEGE NEWSPAPER!
THAT'S THE TICKET! IT WOULD BE UNUSUAL... A WOMAN PHOTOGRAPHER! LOTS OF HUMAN INTEREST... YOU'VE GOT A JOB!

A MAN BREATHLESSLY RACES BACK TO THE DANCING SCHOOL...
MR. BELLAIRE, I'VE GOTTEN MYSELF A WONDERFUL JOB AS A PHOTOGRAPHER WITH A NEWSPAPER! IF IT WON'T INCONVENIENCE YOU, I'D LIKE TO START ON MY NEW JOB TONIGHT!
FINE THING, ARLINE! ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE ONE OF THE GIRLS GET ON! AND DON'T WORRY--I'LL GET SOMEBODY ELSE!

THAT NIGHT I REPORTED TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE WITH MY CAMERA, ANXIOUSLY AWAITING BOB'S REACTION TO MY SOLUTION TO OUR PROBLEM!
DO YOU KNOW WHEN BOB HOWARD IS COMING IN TONIGHT?
DON'T THINK HE'S COMING IN! CALLED UP-- SAID HE COULDN'T MAKE IT! MIGHT BE SOMETHING WRONG-- DUNNO!

FEARFUL THAT BOB MIGHT BE ILL, OR THAT SOME KIND OF ACCIDENT HAD HAPPENED TO HIM, I RUSHED TO HIS HOME!
OH, BOB DARLING, I WAS SO WORRIED THAT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO YOU WHEN YOU DIDN'T SHOW UP FOR WORK TONIGHT!
OH NO, ARLINE, NOTHING HAS GONE WRONG--EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW! BUT I'M GLAD YOU CAME!

BOB, I'VE SOLVED OUR NIGHT SHIFT, DAY SHIFT PROBLEMS! I GOT A JOB AS A PHOTOGRAPHER ON YOUR NEWSPAPER, WORKING ON THE NIGHT SHIFT SO THAT WE COULD BE TOGETHER!
WHAT? OHHH... NO, PLEASE SAY IT ISN'T TRUE!

WHAT'S WRONG, BOB?
I HAVE A SURPRISE OF MY OWN! I QUIT MY JOB AND GOT A JOB AS A DANCING INSTRUCTOR AT YOUR STUDIO SO THAT WE COULD BE TOGETHER ALL THE TIME, AND GET MARRIED!

IT WOULD BE FUNNY IF IT DIDN'T PUT US RIGHT BACK WHERE WE WERE WHEN WE STARTED--ON DIFFERENT TIME SHIFTS!

AS I RESTED MY HEAD ON BOB'S SHOULDER, I REALIZED HOW LONG I HAD STAYED AWAY FROM MY NEW JOB AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE!
OH, BOB--THAT CLOCK! I DIDN'T REALIZE HOW LONG I'D BEEN AWAY FROM THE OFFICE! IF I EXPECT TO HOLD ON TO MY NEW JOB, I'LL HAVE TO RUN!
WE'LL WORK SOMETHING OUT YET, ARLINE!
AS I STARED AT THE TICKING CLOCK ON BOB'S WALL, IT DISSOLVED, MELTED AWAY, AND BECAME THE CLICKING TAXI METER--AND I WAS BACK IN THE PRESENT, TRYING DESPERATELY TO GET TO THE BOAT!
OKAY, LADY, THEY'RE ALL GONE NOW, AND I CAN GET THIS CAB ROLLING! WE'LL GET TO PIER 21 ON TIME--DON'T WORRY!
PLEASE HURRY!
CLICK! CLICK!
AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...
WELL, I TOLD YA, LADY, I'D GET YA HERE ON TIME!
I'M SO HAPPY!
PIER 21
THERE IT IS, LADY! THE METER READS TWO DOLLARS AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS! YA WANNA PAY ME--SO I CAN TAKE OFF?
JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE!
FARE
BOB DARLING!
ARLINE--I WAS SO AFRAID YOU WOULDN'T GET HERE ON TIME! THAT'S OKAY, CABBIE--I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE FARE!
I'M SO GLAD, DARLING, THAT WE BOTH THREW OVER OUR JOBS SO THAT WE COULD BE TOGETHER ALWAYS!
THE FIRST THING WE'LL DO IS TO GET THE CAPTAIN OF THE BOAT TO MARRY US!
BOB AND I PLANNED A HONEYMOON IN SOUTH AMERICA, AND WE WERE GOING TO DO A BOOK ON OUR ADVENTURES! I WAS GOING TO SHOOT THE PICTURES AND BOB WAS GOING TO DO THE WRITING!
THE END
6

I REFUSED TO BE HIS EX-GIRL FRIEND!

MY HOME WAS A HAPPY ONE...MY PARENTS LOVED EACH OTHER VERY MUCH AND SO I KNEW WHAT LOVE COULD BE! THAT'S WHY I WONDER NOW--WHEN I WAS PUT TO THE TEST, WHY I DIDN'T HAVE FAITH IN LOVE!

DINNER IS SERVED!

I GREW UP IN CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, AND AFTER COLLEGE I WANTED TO SEE SOME OF THE REST OF THE WORLD, SO I WROTE A LETTER OF APPLICATION TO THE NATIONAL REVIEW MAGAZINE, WHOSE OFFICES WERE IN NEW YORK!

I HOPE THIS LETTER MAKES AN IM-PRESSION! I'D LOVE TO WORK THERE!

ONLY A WEEK LATER, I GOT AN ANSWER!

HERE IS A LETTER FOR YOU, MISS IRENE--FROM THE NATIONAL REVIEW!

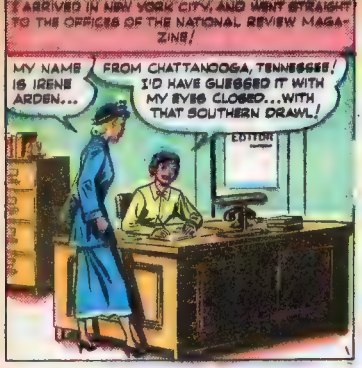
OH, PETERS!

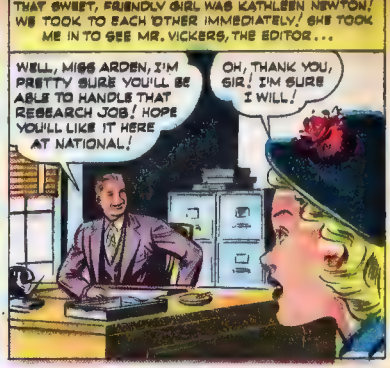
I JUST WONDER!

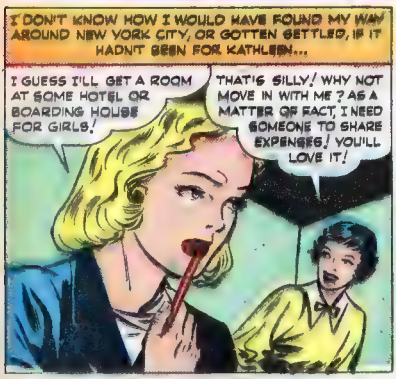
BUT MOTHER NEEDN'T HAVE WONDERED! IT WAS A "YES" LETTER! THE EDITOR WROTE THEY COULD USE THE SERVICES OF AN ENERGETIC RESEARCH WRITER, WHO HAD MAJORED IN LITERATURE! SO...

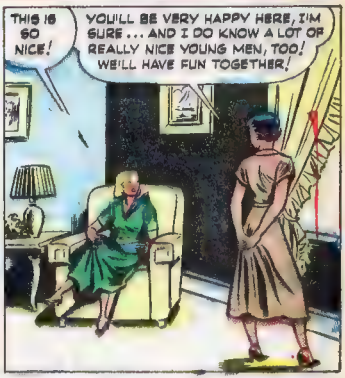
IF YOU NEED ANYTHING, IRENE, JUST LET US KNOW!

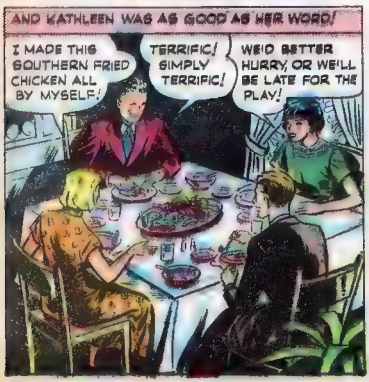
THANKS, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

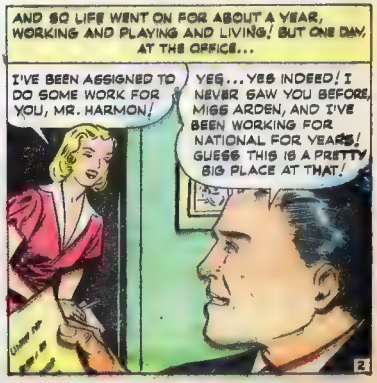

I ARRIVED IN NEW YORK CITY, AND WENT STRAIGHT TO THE OFFICES OF THE NATIONAL REVIEW MAGAZINE!
MY NAME IS IRENE ARDEN...
FROM CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE! I'D HAVE GUESSED IT WITH MY EYES CLOSED...WITH THAT SOUTHERN DRAWL!
EDITOR


THAT SWEET, FRIENDLY GIRL WAS KATHLEEN NEWTON! WE TOOK TO EACH OTHER IMMEDIATELY! SHE TOOK ME IN TO SEE MR. VICKERS, THE EDITOR...
WELL, MISS ARDEN, I'M PRETTY SURE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE THAT RESEARCH JOB! HOPE YOU'LL LIKE IT HERE AT NATIONAL!
OH, THANK YOU, SIR! I'M SURE I WILL!

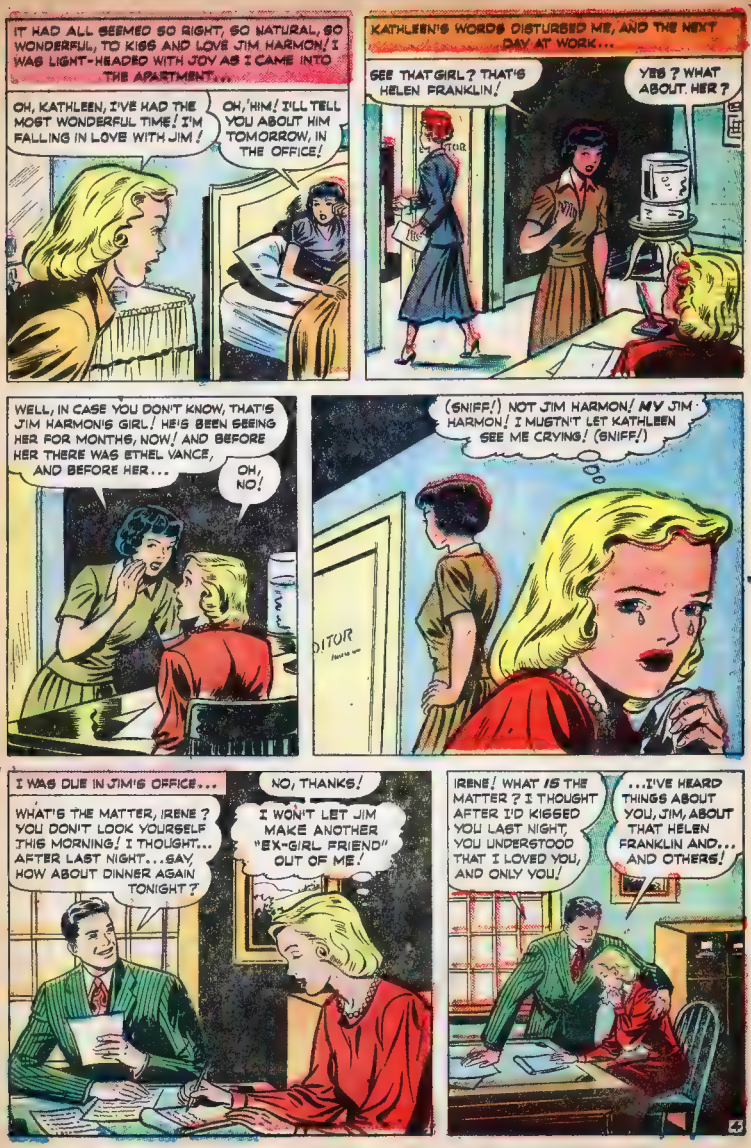

I DON'T KNOW HOW I WOULD HAVE FOUND MY WAY AROUND NEW YORK CITY, OR GOTTEN SETTLED, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR KATHLEEN...
I GUESS I'LL GET A ROOM AT SOME HOTEL OR BOARDING HOUSE FOR GIRLS!
THAT'S SILLY! WHY NOT MOVE IN WITH ME? AS A MATTER OF FACT, I NEED SOMEONE TO SHARE EXPENSES! YOU'LL LOVE IT!

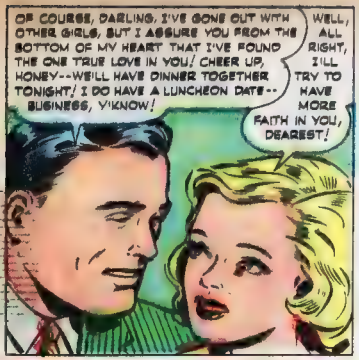

THIS IS SO NICE!
YOU'LL BE VERY HAPPY HERE, I'M SURE ... AND I DO KNOW A LOT OF REALLY NICE YOUNG MEN, TOO! WE'LL HAVE FUN TOGETHER!


AND KATHLEEN WAS AS GOOD AS HER WORD!
I MADE THIS SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN ALL BY MYSELF!
TERRIFIC! SIMPLY TERRIFIC!
WE'D BETTER HURRY, OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE PLAY!

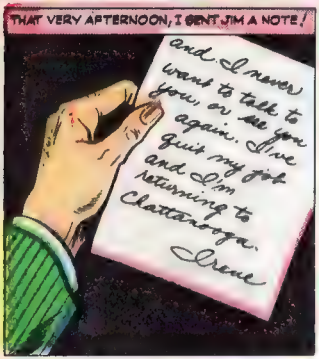

AND SO LIFE WENT ON FOR ABOUT A YEAR, WORKING AND PLAYING AND LIVING! BUT ONE DAY, AT THE OFFICE...
I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO DO SOME WORK FOR YOU, MR. HARMON!
YES...YES INDEED! I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE, MISS ARDEN, AND I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR NATIONAL FOR YEARS! GUESS THIS IS A PRETTY BIG PLACE AT THAT!
2

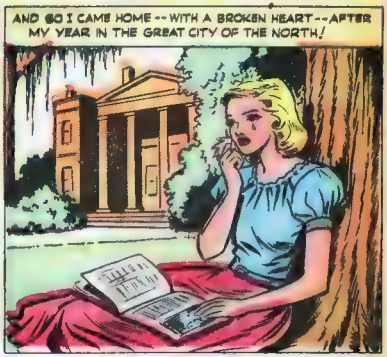
WELL, LET'S GET TO WORK! I'M WORKING ON THIS ARTICLE ON BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR, AND HOW THEY COMPARE WITH MODERN CAMPAIGNS! YOU'LL HAVE A LOT OF RESEARCH WORK TO DO, MISS ARDEN!
YES, SIR!
MY, BUT HE IS HANDSOME! SO RUGGED AND STRONG LOOKING! I WONDER WHAT HE'S REALLY LIKE...
BUT IT TOOK ME SOME TIME TO FIND OUT! JIM HARMON, AT FIRST, WAS ALL BUSINESS... JUST NEVER SEEMED TO LOOK AT ME! BUT ONE DAY SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, AFTER WE'D BEEN AT WORK PRETTY LATE...
I'VE BEEN WORKING YOU PRETTY HARD, MISS ARDEN...I FEEL I SHOULD MAKE IT UP TO YOU SOMEHOW... HOW ABOUT DINNER TONIGHT ?
THANK YOU, JIM...I MEAN, MR. HARMON! I'D LOVE TO!
I THOUGHT YOU JUST SAID DINNER!
WELL, YOU LOOKED AS IF YOU NEEDED SOME RELAXATION TOO! YOU DANCE BEAUTIFULLY!
AND SO WE HAD MANY WONDERFUL DATES IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED...UNTIL FINALLY, THAT SPECIAL EVENING..
I CAN'T RECALL WHEN I'VE HAD SO MUCH FUN, OR ENJOYED MYSELF MORE, AND I BLAME IT ALL ON YOU!
THIS IS ONE TIME I DON'T MIND TAKING THE BLAME, JIM DEAR!
AT THAT MOMENT I FELT LIGHT AND GAY AND SOMEWHAT SILLY! BUT THE MOMENT JIM TOOK ME INTO HIS ARMS, MY HEART POUNDED AND LEAPED IN SUDDEN DELIGHT!
OH, DARLING, I'VE BEEN WANTING TO KISS YOU -- IT SEEMS, FOREVER!
OH, JIM!

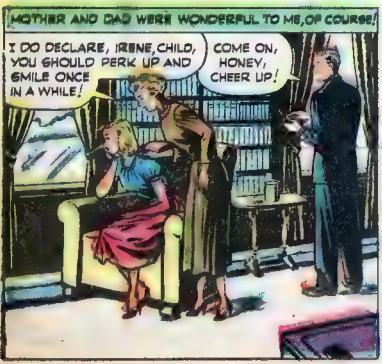

IT HAD ALL SEEMED SO RIGHT, SO NATURAL, SO WONDERFUL, TO KISS AND LOVE JIM HARMON! I WAS LIGHT-HEADED WITH JOY AS I CAME INTO THE APARTMENT...
OH, KATHLEEN, I'VE HAD THE MOST WONDERFUL TIME! I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH JIM!
OH, HIM! I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT HIM TOMORROW, IN THE OFFICE!
KATHLEEN'S WORDS DISTURBED ME, AND THE NEXT DAY AT WORK...
SEE THAT GIRL? THAT'S HELEN FRANKLIN!
YES? WHAT ABOUT HER?
WELL, IN CASE YOU DON'T KNOW, THAT'S JIM HARMON'S GIRL! HE'S BEEN SEEING HER FOR MONTHS, NOW! AND BEFORE HER THERE WAS ETHEL VANCE, AND BEFORE HER...
OH, NO!
(SNIFF!) NOT JIM HARMON! MY JIM HARMON! I MUSTN'T LET KATHLEEN SEE ME CRYING! (SNIFF!)
I WAS DUE IN JIM'S OFFICE...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, IRENE? YOU DON'T LOOK YOURSELF THIS MORNING! I THOUGHT... AFTER LAST NIGHT...GAY, HOW ABOUT DINNER AGAIN TONIGHT?
NO, THANKS!
I WON'T LET JIM MAKE ANOTHER "EX-GIRL FRIEND" OUT OF ME!
IRENE! WHAT IS THE MATTER? I THOUGHT AFTER I'D KISSED YOU LAST NIGHT, YOU UNDERSTOOD THAT I LOVED YOU, AND ONLY YOU!
...I'VE HEARD THINGS ABOUT YOU, JIM, ABOUT THAT HELEN FRANKLIN AND... AND OTHERS!
4

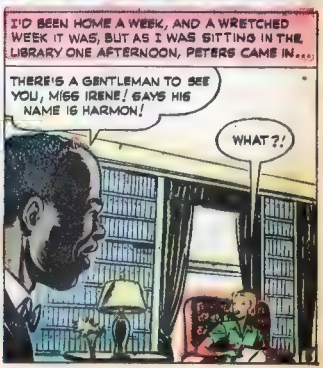

OF COURSE, DARLING, I'VE GONE OUT WITH OTHER GIRLS, BUT I ASSURE YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART THAT I'VE FOUND THE ONE TRUE LOVE IN YOU! CHEER UP, HONEY--WE'LL HAVE DINNER TOGETHER TONIGHT! I DO HAVE A LUNCHEON DATE--BUSINESS, Y'KNOW!
WELL, ALL RIGHT, I'LL TRY TO HAVE MORE FAITH IN YOU, DEAREST!

BUT MY FAITH IN JIM WAS SHATTERED THAT VERY AFTERNOON WHEN, ON MY WAY BACK FROM AN EARLY LUNCHEON, ON THE STREET I SAW...
JIM! WITH THAT FRANKLIN GIRL! SO THAT'S HIS "BUSINESS" DATE! OH, HOW COULD HE?


THAT VERY AFTERNOON, I SENT JIM A NOTE!
and I never want to talk to you, or see you again. I've quit my job and I'm returning to Chattanooga.
Irene


AND SO I CAME HOME -- WITH A BROKEN HEART -- AFTER MY YEAR IN THE GREAT CITY OF THE NORTH!


MOTHER AND DAD WERE WONDERFUL TO ME, OF COURSE!
I DO DECLARE, IRENE, CHILD, YOU SHOULD PERK UP AND SMILE ONCE IN A WHILE!
COME ON, HONEY, CHEER UP!


I'D BEEN HOME A WEEK, AND A WRETCHED WEEK IT WAS, BUT AS I WAS SITTING IN THE LIBRARY ONE AFTERNOON, PETERS CAME IN...
THERE'S A GENTLEMAN TO SEE YOU, MISS IRENE! SAYS HIS NAME IS HARMON!
WHAT?!

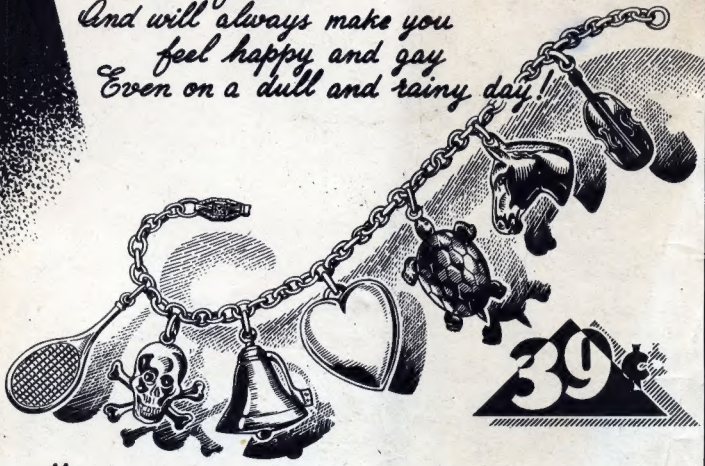
HELLO, IRENE! OR SHOULD I SAY--MISS ARDEN? AS YOU KNOW, I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THAT CIVIL WAR STORY, AND CHATTANOOGA IS RICH IN TRADITION, SCENE OF MANY BATTLES, AND SO FORTH! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE!
I SEE! JUST A BUSINESS TRIP!
HE WAS PROUD, TOO, I SUPPOSE, AND AFTER MY LETTER TO HIM.../ BUT I INVITED HIM TO STAY, AND MOTHER AND DAD JUST TOOK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY!
IRENE, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOU WORKED WITH SUCH A CHARMING GENTLEMAN AS MR. HARMON?
YOU MUST STAY HERE FOR A WHILE, MR. HARMON--I'M SURE IRENE WILL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR WORK!
SO THERE I WAS, TORN BETWEEN MY SINCERE LOVE FOR JIM, AND MY HURT PRIDE! AND YET I WAS HAPPY THAT HE MADE SUCH A FINE IMPRESSION ON MY FOLKS! THE FOLLOWING DAY I TOOK HIM TO LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN...
AND HERE IS WHERE THE CONFEDERATE FORCES STOOD, AND THE YANKEES WERE DOWN THERE!
YOU HAVE THE LOVELIEST EYES AND LASHES I HAVE EVER SEEN!
BUT JIM JUST REFUSED TO BE SERIOUS...
YOU SWEET, SILLY, WONDERFUL GAL! DIDN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THAT WHEN YOU SAW ME WITH HELEN FRANKLIN THAT DAY, I WAS JUST SAYING GOOD-BYE TO HER, TELLING HER ABOUT YOU AND ME!
HONEST? REALLY? OH, JIM, I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL!
AND SO WE DID FINISH THE LAST CHAPTER OF JIM'S STORY ...AND WE ALSO BEGAN A NEW CHAPTER OF ANOTHER STORY... THE STORY OF OUR OWN LIFE...TOGETHER!
I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!
I'VE WAITED SO LONG FOR THIS MOMENT!
AND IT WON'T END HERE, JIM! IT WILL GO ON FOREVER!
THE END

Betsy's Beauty Routine

OF COURSE, *YOU* COULD BE THE HEROINE OF THIS LITTLE STORY, TOO. OR COULD YOU... ?

THIS IS BETSY . HERE'S 'S HOUSE -- AND HER . THE TRICK EVERY MORNING IS GETTING FROM HER TO HER --WITHOUT SKIPPING HER DAILY BEAUTY ROUTINE, OF COURSE. HERE'S HOW DOES IT. SHE GRABS A FRAGRANT PIECE OF SOAP, JUMPS INTO THE . FIRST LOTS OF , THEN A QUICK RINSE. SHE DRIES HERSELF VIGOROUSLY, PATS ON . WITH A MEDIUM-HARD AND MILD , SHE SETS HER A-SPARKLING. USES HER UNTIL HER HAIR SHINES. WHIPS OUT FOR TRIMMING AND CLEANING NAILS, ADDS . NEXT, SHE ASSEMBLES HER . A PEEK OUT THE TO DETERMINE WHETHER HER SHOULD BE PUT TO WORK, TOO. 'S SENSIBLE BREAKFAST INCLUDES , , . BACK TO THE FACE AGAIN, APPLYING LIGHT AND . SHE'S READY FOR THE FINAL CHECK-UP-- NEAT AND POLISHED, WITH FRESH . WHOOPS, TUCK UP THAT . ADD ONE , COMPLETE WITH AND JUST THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF . HERE'S , LEAVING HER FOR HER AT LAST. IS THIS YOU, TOO?

The little charm bracelet
'round your arm
May help to keep you
out of harm
And will always make you
feel happy and gay
Even on a dull and rainy day!



HERE IS A BRACELET WHICH MAY CHANGE YOUR LUCK AND ADD GLAMOUR TO YOUR APPEARANCE.

A GAY LITTLE CHARM BRACELET THAT WILL ENHANCE THE ARM OF ANY GIRL.

SEVEN CHARMS SUSPENDED FROM A CHAIN AND COMES IN EITHER SILVER OR GOLD COLOUR.

EASY MAIL ORDER Co.
165 YORK ST. TORONTO, ONT.

ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND 39¢
(CASH, MONEY ORDER or POSTAL NOTE)
FOR ..... BRACELET(S) [COLOUR]

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY or TOWN _____
PROVINCE _____
—PLEASE PRINT—

Contest No. 91

IT'S FUN TO SOLVE THESE PUZZLES AND JUST LOOK AT THE FREE PRIZES FOR EACH CONTEST!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

1ST. PRIZE	12 PIECE AMERICAN TOOL CHEST
2ND PRIZE	TOY SEWING MACHINE
3RD PRIZE	MOUTH ORGAN

On the front inside cover will be found a complete listing of all comic books published by Bell Features. Watch for these books on your newsstand. These are the books that will contain the contests. If you don't see these books on your newsstand, ask your dealer for them! The winners will be announced on the contest page of one of the later books.

WE HAVE SHIPPED OVER TWO HUNDRED PRIZES TO WINNING CANADIAN BOYS AND GIRLS FROM VANCOUVER ISLAND TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

TELEGRAPH SETS, JUDO BOOKS, CHARACTER DOLLS, BRACELETS, COWBOY OUTFITS, EAR RINGS, FISHING RODS, REELS, CROQUET SETS, SAIL BOATS, DOLL TRUNKS, BASEBALL AND HOCKEY EQUIPMENT, RANGER KNIVES, ROLLER SKATES, CHEMISTRY SETS, SIX SHOOTERS, GAMES AND AUTOMATIC SUB GUNS THAT SHOOT PING PONG BALLS.

YOU WILL FIND ON THIS PAGE THREE NEW WINNERS WITH THE CORRECT ANSWER FOR THE CONTEST.

15 days after books go on sale, all answers received will be opened, and the first correct answer drawn will receive **FIRST PRIZE.** The second correct answer will be awarded the **SECOND PRIZE,** and the **THIRD** will go to the third correct answer drawn.

All Prizes go to Canadian Boys and Girls: and no Prizes leave the Country.

THAT'S ALL --- GOOD LUCK,

The Contest Editor

THERE IS A **CONTEST** *ON THE BACK OF EACH* **BELL** *COMIC.!!*

THE BELL FEATURES & PUBLISHING CO. LTD.
165 YORK STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

NAME _____ AGE ____

STREET _____

TOWN _____ PROV. ____

CONTEST No 31 WINNERS

1. STANLEY & ELLEN WALTENBURY
   974 METCALFE, NORTH BAY, ONT.
2. GLEN PFEIFER
   63 CENTRAL AVE., SWIFT CURRENT, SASK.
3. JACK DES JARDINS
   222-2ND AVE. S., LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.